THE CARMELITE

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Paul Flanders
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AND—as usual, the best of the lot—The Carmelite Junior.

HENRY COWELL

CUT BY HAZEL WATROUS

Carmel News

COUNCIL MEETING

Meeting last night in special adjourned session, the City Council resumed discussion of the town hall proposals. The meeting was called primarily to consider an offer made by Mrs. Maude I. Hogle, who had granted the city an option on lots 2, 3, 4 and 5, block 88—at the intersection of Ocean and Mountain View—as a possible site for a town hall. The option, which expires July fifteenth, named a price of nine thousand dollars, understood to be below current market valuation.

An invitation from the chair for expressions of public opinion resulted in the revival of the suggestion that block 69, city-owned, be used for city buildings.

Councilman Jordan was ready with tentative plans drawn up by Allan C. Collins of Messrs. M. J. Murphy Inc., showing a combined town hall and fire station located at the Junipero-Sixth street corner of the block. Mr. Jordan emphasized the point that he was not endeavouring to take charge of the matter but wished merely to afford a starting point for discussion.

Mr. H. F. Dickinson spoke in favor of using block 69 and outlined briefly an architectural arrangement that would overcome the difficulty arising from the fact that the water mains cross the plot and must be left accessible.

Mr. B. W. Adams, representing the fire department, requested the consideration of separate buildings for town hall and fire department uses, stating that such was the wish of the volunteers.

Discussion ranged over various aspects of the question, with leadership left to the public. The consensus of opinion, as revealed by a show of hands, favored the use of the property which the city now owns.

The Council formally thanked Mrs. Hogle for her offer and, by motion, recorded their inability to accept it. This action apparently was taken under the mistaken impression that the option expired last night.

Having been informed otherwise, the Council rescinded the motion and voted to refer the whole question to the Advisory Board, to meet on July fourteenth.

Other matters dealt with last night were:

Playgrounds:—B. W. Adams proposed that wooded property on Junipero between Tenth and Eleventh, comprising twenty-two lots belonging to M. J. Murphy, be considered for purchase as a park and playground area. H. F. Dickinson spoke favorably of the proposal, stating that the property formed a natural ampitheatre, and was one of the few remaining large plots that could be secured reasonably.

At the suggestion of George Seideneck, the Harrison property on Ninth between Camino and Casanova, was also considered for playground purposes. Both proposals were referred to the Advisory Board.

City Engineer:—A resolution introduced by Miss Kellogg, declaring vacant the office of city engineer, was passed by a vote of three to two. Councilman Bonham offered an amendment to the resolution, which would have deferred action on a drainage survey under consideration and would also have deferred action in regard to the city engineer pending reference of the matter to the Advisory Board. There being no second to the amendment, it lost by default. The resolution then carried as stated, Councilmen Jordan and Bonham dissenting.

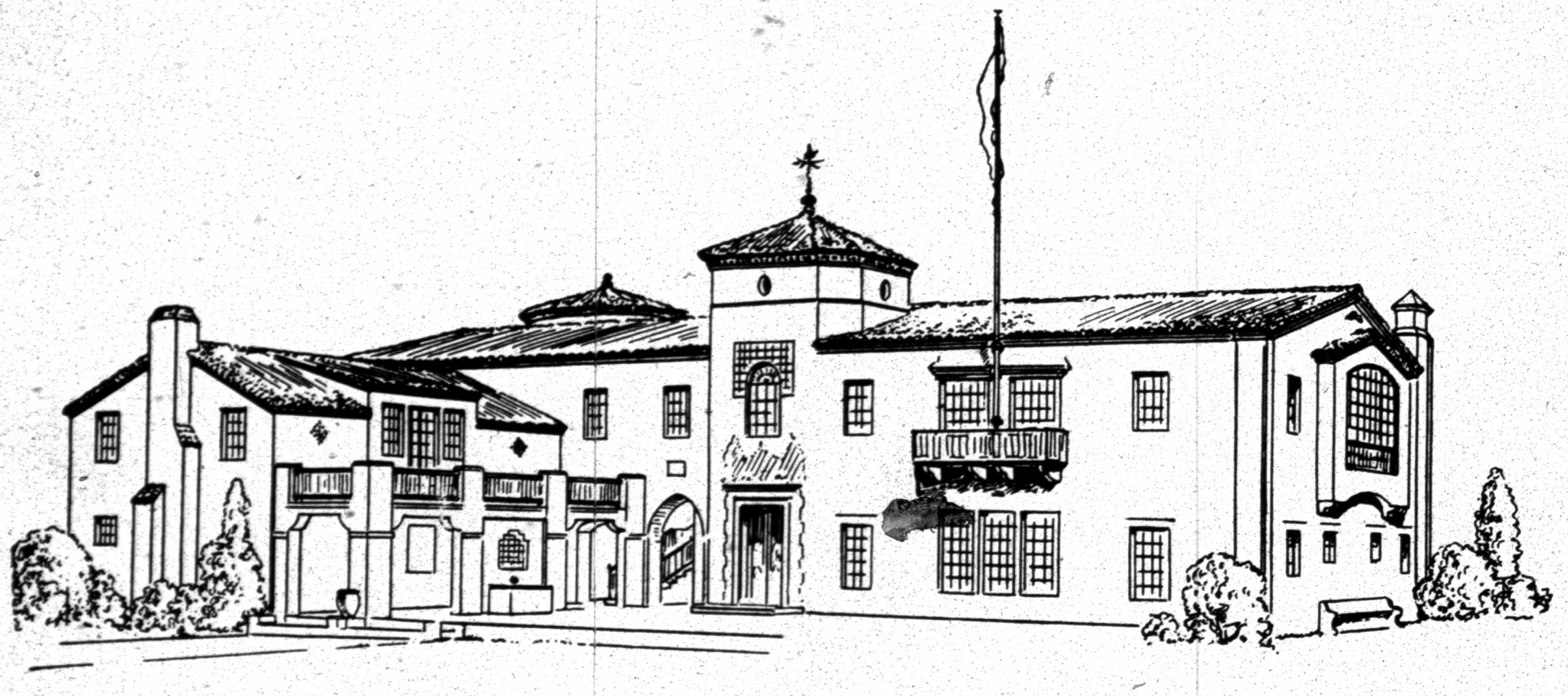
City Printing:—Action on the legal advertising contract was postponed due to the absence of City Attorney Campbell, who has been instructed to investigate eligibility of the "Pone Cone" to bid.

FIRE PROPOSAL LOSES

Residents of The Point, Hatton Fields, Carmel Woods, La Loma and the Highlands voted against the proposal of the County Board of Supervisors to determine whether or not a "Carmel Highlands-Monterey County Fire District" should be organized, in the election held last Thursday at Hatton Ranch.

Out of thirty-three votes cast, twenty-six were against such a district as outlined, and seven in favor of the plan. The decision is viewed as a direct result of the mass-meeting held in Carmel Playhouse on June twentieth. At that meeting a committee was formed to work for "the formation of a fire district comprising the additions to Carmel with the city of Carmel as a nucleus.' Emergency use of Carmel fire apparatus is contemplated in the new fire district plan. Results of the committee's efforts will soon be disclosed. It is understood that they have under consideration a plan which has proven practical in like situations elsewhere.

Below is reproduced the sketch by Mr. Homer Emens as a tentative suggestion for a city building on block 69. Mention of this sketch was made during the course of last night's Council meeting. The Carmelite does not lend its advocacy to this or any other plan for a town hall at the present stage, but will reproduce suggested plans for whatever interest may attach.



LOST IN THE NORTH

Writing from his summer home at Alberni, Vancouver Island, Colonel Clair Foster has sent The Carmelite a clipping from the Victoria "Colonist," relating to the disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Albee. The Victoria article formed the basis of the Associated Press story which was carried by coast papers several weeks ago, since when there have been no further developments.

Colonel Foster writes, in part:

"I've been up in that country and know of no way to go north from Prince George overland except by the old Yukon Telegraph trail. For many years the Canadian Government has maintained a wire line up there, and there is more or less a 'trail' following it, though not much used except by the operators who have cabins every forty or fifty miles apart, and have to travel the line to mend breaks.

"I don't know why they should want to go up the Parsnip River mentioned in the clipping. Possibly cut off some of the hiking and get back to the Telegraph trail.

"Oh, I guess they're all right. Maybe someone discouraged them from attempting the hike, and they may have followed the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific down to the coast at Prince Rupert, where they could get a boat for Alaska. It's a cinch that the people in Prince George would not permit them to start overland. Government up here can be pretty arbitrary about letting greenhorns go into the wilds—especially without guides or if poorly equipped. Costs the Government too much to hunt for lost people up here.

"Terribly rough country up there. For that matter all of British Columbia is. The few 'trails' there are are seldom more than lines of blazes—made by various people at different times for the purpose of finding their way back, and therefore very confusing. Even here on Vancouver Island it is the easiest thing in the world to get lost forever. Even just here at our camp I can take you a few hundred yards into the timber, blindfold you, turn you around a few times—and if you ever find your way out it will be by the sheerest good luck.

"Two hardy woodsmen, able to carry a heavy pack apiece, able to live on grouse and porcupines, and knowing how to fight off the mosquitoes and black flies might make that Yukon Telegraph trail—but not for your Uncle Dudley; I can find enough to write about without so much hardship.

"And rain! It never stops all summer up there where those kids have gone. The rainfall at Prince Rupert is something like three hundred inches. And it's nearly as bad back from the coast. I was in there—about one hundred miles southeast of Prince George—all one summer, and I never saw it stop for more than a few hours."

CARMEL HOSPITAL

The sun is brighter, the sky bluer, the whole beauty of the Carmel Hospital is intensified.

The Grace Deere Velie legacy is being utilized in artistic and scientific improvements. An X-ray laboratory is being constructed where patients will receive necessary and adequate service. Dr. Kocher graciously promises the co-operation of the Metabolic Clinic where required specific examinations and detailed treatment will be given.

Dr. David Matzke, a young surgeon and physician who has been practising in San Francisco and teaching surgery in the Stanford Medical School, has agreed to direct this scientific advancement. He has already arrived in Carmel with working plans. There will be an office in the hospital itself for morning consultations and three spacious rooms in Los Tiendas, the new DeYoe building, for afternoon office hours.

Indeed, there is new vision, intense inspiration and fresh courage in the hearts of all those who hold dear the welfare of Carmel's own hospital. Where there is vision the people do not perish, but arise as on wings of eagles.—(CONTRIBUTED.)

STREET IMPROVEMENTS

Miss Clara Kellogg, commissioner of streets, reports that a modern method of surfacing is to be experimented with on Monte Verde street between Twelfth and Thirteenth. The coating to be applied is a new "oil mix" such as was used successfully by the county on the road up Carmel valley.

The trial, to begin next week, will be watched carefully and compared with the calcium chloride experiment on San Antonio in the block south of Ocean. The oil treatment in this new form is said to be reasonable in cost, efficient and attractive, and its proponents claim further that, in appearance, it fits in with the rural nature of the town.

All these aspects remain to be proven after the first of the material is laid next week. The work will be done with co-operation from county equipment to be employed on resurfacing the Lobos road.

FORWARD ACTIVITIES AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Edward Kuster announces that the workshop of play production at Carmel Playhouse, to be conducted by Morris Ankrum, will open next Monday, July fourteenth. In addition to the practical courses offered by Mr. Ankrum and Mr. Kuster himself will give a number of illustrated talks on the trend of the contemporary theatre in Europe and America. Arrangements can be made with either of these men to enter the workshop courses.

The next two plays to be given at the Playhouse will be Tschekov's "The Seagull," the play which first brought the Moscow Art Theatre into prominence, and the powerful American play, "Gods of the Lightning," by Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson. The former will be produced on August eighth and ninth, the latter on August twenty-ninth, thirtieth and September first.

Beginning in September, Morris Ankrum will be engaged at Pasadena Community Playhouse in play direction and in conducting courses at the Pasadena Community School of the Theatre. Mr. Kuster's plans for the Playhouse after the conclusion of the play series now in progress are not yet announced.

BASSETT-McKAY

At noon today Wilma Kathleen Bassett became the bride of Theodore Sherwood McKay. The simple ceremony took place in the Del Monte Chapel, in the presence of friends and relatives. Mr. and Mrs. John McKay, Jr. acted as best man and matron of honor. The bride wore a navy blue ensemble with a corsage of gardenias.

Both Mr. and Mrs. McKay are graduates of the Monterey Union High School and the groom was a student at Stanford. Mr. McKay is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John McKay of Monterey and is now associated in business with his father. The bride is the daughter of W. K. Bassett, formerly of Carmel, and now in Providence, R. I., where he is in the editorial department of the Providence "Journal." Mrs. McKay has lived in Carmel for the last eight years with her grandmother, Mrs. C. H. Bassett.

The honeymoon is to be spent in Denver, Colorado.

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The Theatre

"The Thrip'ny Opera" was a success. All about us we hear the tunes being sung and the lines quoted. Three times the Carmel Playhouse was filled. And it deserved its popularity.

The play was a large undertaking, but Mr. Ankrum and Mr. Kuster showed themselves justified in attempting it. The lines were clever, the acting good; the settings were perfectly in accord with the atmosphere of the play. Edward Kuster deserves great credit for his work in translating and producing; Morris Ankrum's handling of the mobs was superb.

Now, after this high praise—all of which is deserved—let me voice a note of discord. The play was advertised and for the most part played as a comedy. I do not think it is one. It is obviously a satire on city conditions—the misery of the poor and the perfidy of the police—and a parody of melodrama and Italian opera. It is a bitter exposure, a tremendous denunciation of the causes of poverty and beggary. The sight of those mangled creatures, their souls destroyed by despair, struggling for a meagre existence through their "King," Peachum—this is the real drama. The music is not the rollicking, care-free rag-time of a popular musical comedy; as played on the Victrola by a German jazz-band between scenes the songs sounded warped and spoiled. There is a haunting quality of hopelessness in the melodies that does not belong in farce. It is the music of tragedy. And the beggars, with their horrible bodies, are not figures of comedy. There was no laughter in the audience when a crippled girl, lifted on the shoulders of two wretched crippled beggars, beat upon a drum while the wrecks of society as it is today hobbled about her to the tune of "The Futility of Human Effort."

At the opening of the play, we are shown two distorted bodies in a sickly green light. This is definitely a note of tragedy and it should have been kept constantly in mind throughout the play, until at the end we see these same beggars sanctimoniously singing a church hymn, their rags covered in holy cloaks—the climax of bitter satire when everything turns out all right, and the hymn books are passed around.

Of course, the play is full of comedy—very good comedy. But it is the comedy of line, not of situation. It is never farce. Therefore the introduction of such little touches as having Tiger Brown's appearance with a baby chair are, however laughable, quite out of place in "The Thrip'ny Opera." If the attention of the directors had been focused on the tragedy of the play, the comedy would have taken care of itself. The lines are too good to be killed; they woud have carried despite the tragic tone and each would have been intensified by juxtaposition with the other. Thus a stronger and more convincing play would have resulted.

Aside from this, the method of attack was excellent: The stylized treatment of the masses most effective. It is debatable whether or not all the acting should not have been stylized as was that of Mr. Ankrum as Captain Macheath. There is some precedent for inconsistency in such matters—see New York productions of "The Adding Machine," "Porgy," "Man in the Masses"; but in these plays the inconsistency was between scene and scene, not character and character.. I am inclined to believe that if MacHeath made-up and acted as he did, Mr. and Mrs. Peachum should not have appeared with realistic make-up and natural actions.

Morris Ankrum, as Captain MacHeath, was excellent. As soon as one became used to his sudden movements and precarious leaps, one could listen with real pleasure to his delightful reading of his lines. Mary Louise Quevli was a very sweet and fetching Polly, with a really lovely voice. Ruth Marion Poor made excellent comedy. Edward Kuster, as Peachum, did not give to his part the full significance and drama that it might have had. Played as the "King" of these people, their bulwark against the forces that have crushed them, it becomes a magnificent role. It is possible that Mr. Kuster did not sense this; but it is more probable that his duties off-stage kept him from losing himself in the part. He played the organ, xylophone, cello, and chimes, manipulated the lights, ran the Victrola and directed the performance in general. He did the work of a giant, and deserves more praise than I could possibly give him. The sets, thanks to Peter Friedrichsen, were perfectly adapted to the play.

[While granting Mr. Gale the right to an expression of his own opinion, we would take exception to the inference that Mr. Kuster failed to realize the full potentialities of his material and particularly the part he elected to play himself. From conversations with Mr. Kuster prior to the production, we are aware that the German original had more in it than could be released on an American stage. Restraint was necessary and was, we believe, used judiciously.—ED.]

Taken a as whole, the play was tremendously effective. Save for a few rough spots, the acting was good. Played as a comedy, it was very amusing—a laughter that was occasionally chilled by the presence of the beggars. Played as a tragedy it would have been an even greater play—one of the bitterest, subtlest, most intense social dramas of our time.

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AND AT THE FOREST THEATER

The following night, over at the other end of town, the Forest Theater presented a play that was completely different in concept and in handling, and yet had a strangely similar bitterness behind it. Bert Brecht proves his point through satire and irony; Carroll Aikins proves his through sheer tragedy and pathos.

"The God of Gods" is a very moving thesis-play, laid against a pseudo-Indian background. I say "pseudo" because I do not believe that continual similes borrowed from animal life and the beating of tom-toms constitutes Indian psychology. Mr. Aikins, I am afraid, has made no attempt to catch the spirit of the first Americans. The producers did all they could—sets, Indian braves and squaws, wigwams and so on were all there—but the lines, the action, the whole atmosphere is not Indian. The setting, of course, is not particularly important. The tragedy could have taken place—and infinitely better, I think—in the depths of China or in a medieval nunnery. The flavor is modern, and the puerile concept of Indian psychology detracts rather than adds to the force of the play. It is what might be expected from a collaboration of Mencken and Ernest Thompson Seton.

But where Mr. Aikins has succeeded, and where he has come closer at least to the romanticized notion of the Indians, is in his purple passages of poetry. We are willing to sit through some of the rather long dialogues of the earlier play for the treat of hearing the beautiful passages between the young lovers. Gordon Nelson and Dorothy Adams make these scenes the rightest part of the play. And in the last scene that of the great sacrifice the lines are stirring. "He was a fighter but he'll fight no more; he was a dancer but he'll dance no more; he was a lover but he'll love no more: In all the moons his weary mate shall find him not." These lines with the undercurrent of tragedy that the audience has seen in them, make a tremendous scene. I think it could have been played larger than it was. The Indian tribe was not utilized to the full. Think, for example, of the effect that could have been built up, as in "The Emperor Jones," by the use of tom-toms off-stage throughout that scene carefully working up in crescendo!

The ending of the play is most dramatic. But it is hard to follow. We have been shown the falseness of the primitive god. Waning Moon has said to the new moon "You and he are one," and Suiva herself has finally seen through the age-old hoax: "His name is fear," and pointing to her dead lover, "*He* was God!" But then, when she has thrown herself into the pool, the eyes of the god gleam as in divine displeasure. Waning Moon has already shown that she produces this by artificial means, and has planted phosphorous in readiness. But there is no apparent reason for the eyes lighting up at that particular time. To this moment I am not certain whether the idol is proved at the last moment to be a real and powerful god, and the thesis sacrificed to an effective ending, or if by chance the splash of the falling Suiva cast the necessary water on the planted phosphorous and caused the phenomenon. If the latter—and I suspect that is the explanation—there should be far more indication of it in the business to make this clear. Too much must not be left to the imagination of the audience; that is what stage business is for. This particular point is one of considerable importance, and should not be left to guess-work and chance inspiration.

The play, then, as a play did not impress me. But in its gorgeous pine setting, under the open sky, it was a thing of great beauty. Gordon Nelson, as Yellow Snake, did a superb piece of work. He played the role of the fearles poetic dreamer with a sincerity and consistency that was convincing.

Dorothy Adams was charming as the young maiden of the first act; but she did not seem to come up to the last scene. There was more in the ending than she put over.

Louise Walcott was splendid, creating a fine character out of a part that might easily have been overdone by an actress of less experience and taste.

And too much credit cannot be given to Elliott Durham and H. F. Dickinson who conceived and executed the scenery. It is not an easy matter to blend stage scenery and nature. They did it with great success and smoothness.

I think the Forest Theater group has done splendidly with a play that did not deserve their efforts. Indian plays are fine for out-of-doors, but this was not an Indian play. When a Little Theatre group—and the Little Theatre is the backbone of the stage today—is going to devote so much time and talent to a production, they should be certain that the play is worthy of them. That it is effective or pretty is not enough. There are too many pretty little plays being given these days There is a mammoth opportunity in that open-air theatre, and there are hundreds of worth-while plays waiting to be produced It should not be a case of a play being saved by fine production and excellent acting; all three should work together and achieve the theatrical triumph that they deserve.

—OLIVER M. GALE, JR.

OVER THE FAIRY LINE

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY
BLANCHE TOLMIE

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The Theatre---*continued*

"THE THRIP'NY OPERA": FURTHER REACTIONS

Drama, in its essence, is rooted in human mystery; not necessarily understood, but imperatively here to be heard and recognized.

Playwright after playwright helps build the huge carcass which entertains the public; but only the exceptional play rises within the body to give it a glimmer of real life. And then, because of an uncomfortable actuality, some people become offended, others passionately attached to the result.

Such a play has appeared in Edward G. Kuster's translation and adaption of the "Dreigroschenoper," based on the original "Beggar's Opera." From parody to mockery, comedy to tragic reality, this modern satire emerged fit to rank shoulder by shoulder with the best that any guild or experimental theatre effort has disclosed.

Everything depended upon Mr Kuster's successful, intuitional translation from the German. Morris Ankrum, through superb acting and in the driving power he put into the actual production, was responsible for the play's energetic tempo. Peter Friedrichsen's settings, modern to an extreme, aided in the inescapable feeling that here was tragedy in a world, not a period.

But the greatest values were in the play itself. Under a cloak of satire and parody, beneath society's garments, were pictures of misery that awakened in the mind even starker caricatures of the fat and satisfied exterior. For a while one was aware of the hunger, the wounds and sores of the world. An unpleasantness was taken from its closet, rattled and shaken like a puppet before children—and the audience laughed.

Peachum himself might say of "The Thrip'ny Opera": Here you have the cry of the stomach alone, eloquent organ, forced by the lash of necessity (and want of bread) to make all crime a virtue.

Drama has no better foundation than that.

ERNEST LYONS

¶ ¶

Toward the success of "The Thrip'ny Opera": Edward Kuster's theatre vision when he saw "The Beggar's Opera" in "Thrip'ny Opera" form in Germany and obtained the rights to produce it for the first time in America. His coming home and the long, arduous hours translating it into English for us. His diligence, perservance and determination to open the season of local plays with it. Making it the first play with the Drama Guild back of him and giving to the Carmel audience—a premiere! This is the Edward Kuster who loves the Little Theatre, believes in it, works for it and gives all to that which is in the realm of fancy providing a place to go "where one may expect anything to happen"—real "theatre."

Morris Ankrum came, read the play, saw in it stylization, saw its grotesqueness, its design, its characterization, its tragic story clothed in travesty, pathos under the guise of entertainment. Like a whirlwind he began whipping the lines and action into shape. Taking the part of Captain MacHeath he led the amateurs on through dialogue and ensemble building up and up and up.

Then Peter Friedrichsen appeared in town to spend a week-end. Edward Kuster immediately engaged him to design and build the sets. Having worked with Morris Ankrum during Ankrum's summer season at The Golden Bough in 1928 Peter Friedrichsen took up the work with the same feeling for design which made the design of gesture and the design of sets a consistent unity.

Carmel will long remember the dynamic figure of Morris Ankrum as Captain MacHeath sweeping through the play to the very end, carrying with him minor characters, groups, ensembles! Mounting up beyond costumes, music, stage sets and being the very spirit, the idea of the play itself! His was a glorious achievement—a genuis of directing and acting.

HAZEL WATROUS

¶ ¶

I witnessed a performance of "The Thrip'ny Opera" with a feeling intermingled with amazement and awe—awe inspired by something dreadful unaccompanied by sublimity. Awe of the scenes enacted on the stage in this enlightened age of 1930 which could so revolt the clear intelligence of normal human beings of today.

It generated an atmosphere of moral decay so strong that one fancied oneself detecting an offensive odor.

It had the effect upon the mind as if one had partaken of food which had violently disagreed.

Gruesome, vulgar, degrading, it affronts the reason, annihilates pure sentiment, and offends one's sense of all that is true and lovely in nature and art.

In presenting an opera of this nature, it is assumed that the public will find it entertaining, an assumption which—if it is warranted—reflects upon the taste of a Carmel audience. It conveys to the stranger, let us hope, an erroneous impression of the public.

EFFIE MACFARLAND.

COWELL LECTURE-RECITAL SERIES TO-MORROW

To-morrow evening, Friday, at 8:30 o'clock, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery, Henry Cowell gives the first of his five lecture-recitals. "Music in Russia" is the subject of the talk, Mr. Cowell telling how the Soviet has institutionalized its music, and how this government music works out. Invited by the Cultural Relations Committee of the Russian Soviet to give a concert in Russia, Mr. Cowell speaks first hand and with authority on his subject. Following his visit to Moscow, the Soviet Publishing House asked to publish two of Cowell's compositions, these being the first foreign musical compositions to be printed by the Soviet. At this time when, through the broadcast of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and other significant orchestras, one may hear Stravinsky, Hindemith, or even Schoenberg, it is of pointed interest to hear what modern music is about. This Henry Cowell is eminently fitted to do. Personally acquainted with practically all of the most important of the modern composers, himself a composer in the new idiom, and gifted with a rare ability to talk brilliantly, lucidly, and with unexpected wit, Cowell more than anyone else of the group can perhaps best present the matter of new music.

The second of the series is on Monday, July fourteenth, and the evenings of July twenty-first, twenty-fifth and twenty-eighth will complete the series, which will cover the subjects of European Modern Music, Music in America, Oriental Musical Systems, and the more Scientific Aspect of New Music. Special rates are made to students and to families where three or more desire to attend. Information regarding the series may be had at the Gallery.

MASS MEETING TO ORGANIZE PENINSULA GARDEN CLUB

A mass meeting will be held Tuesday evening, July fifteenth, at seven-forty-five in the House of the Four Winds Monterey, for the purpose of organizing a Peninsula Garden Club.

Everyone who is interested in gardening is urged to come. Membership in the club will be open to both men and women, amateurs and professionals.

The general aims of the club will be to spread an interest in gardening and to get godd speakers on garden subjects to come to the Peninsula. Any special projects will be decided by the members after the club is organized.

ORDINANCE NO: 106

AN ORDINANCE TO AMEND SECTION 8 OF ORDINANCE NO. 96 OF THE CITY OF CARMEL BY-THE-SEA, ENTITLED, "AN ORDINANCE ESTABLISHING DISTRICTS OR ZONES IN THE CITY OF CARMEL BY-THE-SEA, REGULATING THE USE OF REAL PROPERTY, AND PROHIBITING CERTAIN USES THEREIN, PRESCRIBING BUILDING SET-BACK LINES AND BUILDING AREA REQUIREMENTS, PROVIDING PENALTIES FOR THE VIOLATION HEREOF, AND REPEALING ALL ORDINANCES IN CONFLICT WITH THIS ORDINANCE," AND REPEALING ALL ORDINANCES AND PARTS OF ORDINANCES IN SO FAR AS THEY CONFLICT WITH THIS ORDINANCE.

THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL BY-THE-SEA DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1. That Section 8 of Ordinance No. 96 of the City of Carmel-by the-Sea, duly adopted by the Council of said City on the 5th day of June, 1929, be amended so as to read as follows:

"Section 8: That buildings and structures may be erected, altered and maintained in said business district designed or intended for use or used for cleaning and dyeing works, automobile gasoline and oil service station, public garages, feed, fuel and wood yards, wholesale food stuffs and spice business, public warehouse for storage of furniture, furnishings and personal property, establishments for making hand made furniture and furnishings having not more than two employees therein, private schools, hospitals and institutions, or for any of such uses; provided, however, that no such use shall be lawful in said business district unless and until the consent in writing of at least two-thirds (2-3) of the record owners of the real property situate within a radius of four hundred (400) feet from the exterior boundaries of the lots or lands sought to be so used shall first be obtained and filed in the office of the City Clerk of said City; and unless and until the public hearing is had upon the application for a permit to so use such property before the City Planning Commission in said City, if there be such, and thereafter a public hearing before the Council of said City and the approval of such application by said Council subsequent thereto.

No such hearing provided for in this section shall be had without notice thereof published at least once in the official newspaper of said City and posted by the City Clerk on or near the Council Chamber door in the City Hall thereof at least ten (10) days prior to the time fixed by the City Planning Commission and the Council respectively, for any such hearing.

No approval of any such application shall be made or given by the Council except by Ordinance and no such use shall be lawful when approved by such Ordinance until the same is in full force and effect. The provisions herein set forth relating to hearings before the City Planning Commission and notice thereof, shall be dispensed with in the event no such body is in existence in said City.

Section 2. All Ordinances and parts of Ordinances in so far as they conflict with this Ordinance are hereby repealed.

Section 3. This Ordinance is hereby declared to be urgent and necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health and safety and shall be in force forthwith from and after its final pasage and approval.

The following is a statement of such urgency:

There is no Ordinance adequately dealing with the subject-matter hereof and in the judgment of said Council, this Ordinance more adequately preserves and safeguards the public peace, health and safety than the provisions relating to the same subject-matter contained in said Ordinance No. 96 of which this is amendatory.

PASSED AND ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, this 2nd day of July, 1930, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg, Rockwell, Jordan, Bonham.
NOES: COUNCILMEN: None.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: None.
APPROVED: this 2nd day of July, 1930

HERBERT HERON
Mayor of said City.

ATTEST:
SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk.

CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA)
COUNTY OF MONTEREY) ss.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA)

I, the undersigned Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Council of said City, hereby certify that the foregoing Ordinance No. 106 of said City, is a true and correct copy of ordinance No. 106 of said City, which was introduced and given its first reading at the regular meeting on June 4th, 1930.

Passed and adopted at the regular meeting on July 2nd, 1930 by the following vote:

AYES: Councilmen: Heron, Kellogg, Rockwell, Jordan, Bonham
NOES: Councilmen: None
ABSENT: Councilmen: None

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
(Official Seal) City Clerk

Not Quite News

Pacific coast oysters are notoriously small—and scarce. They are difficult to secure in the first place, harder still to find on the plate or in the stew.

But a million or so years ago, there were giants on the earth in those days—the oysters in Carmel valley were eighteen inches long. They were large enough to furnish a meal for any man. Regrettably, the sea was over the mountains in that distant time; whales showed their flukes in the air high above Jamesburg; and quadruple billions of diminutive diatoms ceaselessly lived and died to form the chalk-rock ledges of the valley hills.

Twenty-five miles up Carmel valley, in a private quarry, all manner of deep-sea life has been disinterred. The ribs of huge whales have been found, deep under layers of chalk-rock. Ledges of fossil oysters, six to eight inches wide and twelve to eighteen inches long, have been discovered in the quarry. And scientists say that the rock itself is formed of the skeletons of microscopic sea creatures.

One of the giant oysters is on display this week in John Bathen's office on Dolores street, "Carmel Stone, Associated." Also of interest as a relic of the rocks is a fossilized redwood root found in the center of a chalk-rock block. Conjecture has it that the sea once reached to the base of the Sierras, and that this root floated from there, became waterlogged, and sank to be imbedded in the forming stone.

Scientific examination of these unique discoveries is promised in the near future. Samples of marine fossils from the valley quarry have been sent to the geological research departments of Stanford and the University of California.

¶ ¶

BARBER POLES, WIND MILLS AND WOODEN INDIANS

"Washee... Washee..." a quavering, high-pitched call, once as familiar as it was strange, floated to the upper stories of scroll-ornamented houses along one of San Francisco's oldest residential streets.

Wing Chun, solicitor of soiled linen, cried his trade Old and wrinkled, he sat high in a tiny wagon guiding a horse all bones and weariness down the secluded avenue It mattered nothing to him that a thousand other "Chinee" washermen had passed on supplanted by modern trucks and steam cleaning plants —little more that he was the last remaining caller of the cry.

But to Louis Slevin of Carmel it meant a great deal. Wing Chun's laundry wagon is picture number one of a new and very interesting collection of photographs representing objects and trades on the verge of disappearance.

Mr. Slevin made a special trip to San Francisco recently to photograph the wagon of Wing Chun. While there, he hunted down two other callings now being swept aside by modernization—and ordinances. One was the Chinese vegetable man, with yoke and suspended baskets; the other a genuine old-fashioned "rags-bottles-and-sacks" man.

The latter, true to instinct, refused to let his junk wagon be photographed without a cash consideration. Cash received, "rags-bottles-and-sacks" got down off his outfit and held out for "two-bits" more before he would allow himself to be photographed with the wagon.

Louis Slevin feels the romance of what seems prosaic to many. Tall old fire-hydrants of the type that flourished twenty years ago—wooden wind mills on sleepy, unaggressive ranches—painted wooden barber poles, still unsupplanted by the whirling, striped-candy signs in vogue. And it was a real conquest to him when he found a wooden Indian in front of a San Luis Obispo cigar store.

The collection has but recently been started. Added to as opportunity affords it promises to become a vivid and romantic record of past customs.

¶ ¶

A peninsula store which handles everything from rakes to lingerie has also a most efficient sales force. That force has been tanght many things, among them the value of intuition. Members of the sales department pride themselves on ability to think faster than the customers, and many a good sale is made by anticipating the desire of the purchaser. But one of the clerks overstepped all bounds one day when a smartly dressed lady entered and hesitantly asked:

"Do you happen to have—er—any—a-ah . . ."

"No, madame," replied the too-well-trained salesman, "we are just out of that."

¶ ¶

When Mary Austin was involved in the detail of producing "The Arrow Maker" it so happened that a number of theatre groups about town had declared open war.

The writer approached a citizen interested in theatre matters in general with a list of people she intended to use for a scene in the play. The names had been taken from various sources, a few from this faction, some from that, a happy mixture which looked like nothing less than catastrophe to the citizen.

"You might use *him*," he said, determined to be helpful, "but you *couldn't* use her—they'd fly at each other's throats. This one hates that one. . . . You have people here from every group —they'd fight like cats and dogs."

"Fine!" said Mary Austin, "I want them for a mob scene."

And she got them, too.

¶ ¶

Last week was "Clean up Week" in Carmel. Citizens collected and burned debris in vacant lots. Gardens were spruced up. And now, due to an appropriate gesture by city officials, we have a spotless town.

Catching the prevailing spirit, the city set to and cleaned up Block 69. All papers, automobile tires, rocks, tin cans and chicken feathers were gathered in one huge pile and taken away to be buried. Interesting curios found in the trash were newspapers dating back to 1906, a rusty old bustle and a cracked moustache cup.

Note: This news item will be true in 1931.

¶ ¶

Frank Sheridan brought this one from Hollywood:

A man was going down the boulevard saying to himeself:

"No, NO, NO, *no, no, no, no, no, no!*"

First Spectator: "Cuckoo?"

Second Spectator: "Nope; just a Yes Man on a vacation."

THE CARMELITE

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STANLEY WOOD

The views expressed in signed contributions appearing in The Carmelite should be taken as those of the individual contributors, not necessarily in agreement with the opinions of the Editor.

UNEXPURGATED MUSICAL FACTS

by HENY COWELL

It has been only a short while ago since musical facts were surrounded with as much mystery and superstition as have been the vital facts of life itself. To assume that music is a subject capable of general understanding; something that may be freely and frankly discussed in mixed company, is an enlightened development of the most recent period. But now it is generally conceded that it is the best, all things considered, to withhold no knowledge from unsophisticates—if they do not receive musical information from sane and authorized sources there is no telling what garbled accounts of it they may pick up from their more unsavory associates.

There is still current, however, some misconception. This is that scientific facts concerning music are difficult to understand; that they are meant for the elite only; that they cannot be appreciated except by those already familiar with music, and talented. This is mere nonsense, and is a holdover from the former period of musical mystery.

There is no other art of which the scientific facts are so easy to comprehend and these facts are of extraordinary interest. A knowledge of them gives a new insight to the listener, and through developing far more acute attention in listening, may awaken in him new and undreamed of emotional responses to musical subtleties which he formerly missed through his own inertia and lack of attention.

And indeed, how can one in listening to music, give attention to things in it of which he does not know the existence? The response of the listener without knowledge is an inert one—he allows the music to waft through him, and if it succeeds in overcoming his ennui, it is satisfactory. The listener with purely technical knowledge may have all the emotional fervor removed in his response and listen only for the less really important technical points. But the listener with a bit of scientific knowledge may have the keenness of his delight enhanced by doing his share of giving forth energy in listening. He may not lie back and demand the music must move him—he moves with the music. He realizes that there are endless delicacies of sound which he will miss if he does not listen with intent enthusiasm; and that each of these so easily missed microscopic tonal worlds is capable of giving him an intense musical and esthetic pleasure, of a sort utterly missed by those who are unwilling to throw themselves into listening with vitality, or who have not the knowledge to know what to listen for.

Such musical illnesses as being bored or "not understanding" new types of musical usages are impossible to the auditor whose attention is breathlessly focussed both on the cosmical whole of the musical sound, and the endlessly varying spectra of the tonal minutiæ. Both of these sides of music are brought into relief so that they may be plainly heard and observed, by a scientific analysis of no great complexity—in fact, an analysis which does no more than to point out the eements for which to listen.

FIRST SHOWING OF STANLEY WOOD'S ETCHINGS

As mentioned briefly in last week's issue of The Carmelite, water-colors and etchings by Stanley Wood are on display at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

"The Source," painting of a mountain stream's headwaters—a diminutive trickle coursing its way between giant boulders—is the only *tempera* exhibit in the present showing. Stanley Wood's spirit of inquiry has led him to use various mediums, from water-colors to the etching needle and a special *tempera* method, the latter a revival of the technique used by the old masters. It is a painstaking process, demanding craftsmanship and patience; it was taken by the artist from a treatise written during the middle ages.

"The Blue Kimono," more standardized perhaps than Stanley Wood's usual water-color work, is the only figure sketch in the group.

Rocks, hills, streams and secluded forest depths are most frequent subjects for his brush. His paintings have the rare delicacy of natural viewpoint mastered by the Japanese—but with broadness of scope and attention to masses. The water-colors shown at the gallery introduce one to refreshing forest scenes—coast cypresses, deep canyon redwoods, redwoods, bare hills and mountain peaks. Some are alive with light, all glow with a fresh, dominant color style which is Stanley Wood's own.

Among paintings shown is "Cypress Fragment," contorted cypress limbs, brought out in a lambent velvet-brown; "Boulders in a Canyon," a wide, shallow stream flowing in shade through sand; "Redwoods," alive with brown shade and light; "Rocks," austere, jagged grey peaks; "Hills in Brown and Black," folds of earth almost animate, like giant creatures huddled together for protection; and "The Salt Works," a familiar scene on the road to Watsonville—a skeleton building mirrored in shiny dead pools flanked by crystalline whiteness.

Carmel is privileged to see one of the first showings of Stanley Wood's etchings. For a number of years he has been experimenting with the art, choosing Carmel valley ranch buildings as the subject of many prints, which for the most part have not left his studio workshop. He has now developed in the medium to a point where he feels willing to exhibit. On display in the gallery are "Barn and Corral Gate," "House and Tower of Robinson Jeffers," and "Farm Group," the last particularly interesting because shown in first and second etching states. Mr. Wood is planning to publish soon a book on old California ranches and barns, illustrated with his own prints.

His water-colors and etchings will remain on display at the gallery until displaced on July fifteenth by the summer exhibit of the Carmel Art Association.

baked delicacies to add the finishing touches to the menu . . .

CARMEL BAKERY

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"PHOTOGRAPHY--- NOT PICTORIAL"

(Extracts from an article by Edward Weston in "Camera Craft.")

"Art is an interpreter of the inexpressible, and therefore it seems a folly to try to convey its meaning afresh by means of words." This thought from Goethe is so true to me, that I hesitate before adding more words to the volumes both written and spoken by eager partisans—or politicians. I have always held that there is too much talk about art—not enough work. The worker will not have time to talk, to theorize—he will learn and grow by doing.

But I have started with art as subject matter, though I have been asked to write my view point on "Pictorial Photography." Are they, or can they be analagous? I would say. "Let the pedants decide that!" and yet- that word "Pictorial" irritates me: as I understand it the making of pictures. Have we not had enough picture making—more or less refined "Calendar Art" by hundreds of thousands of painters and etchers? Photography following this line, can only be a poor imitation of already bad art. Great painters—and I have had fortunate contacts with several of the greatest in this country, or in the world—are keenly interested in, and have deep respect for photography *when it is photography* both in technique and viewpoint, when it does something they cannot do: they only have contempt, and rightly so when it is an imitation painting. And that is the trouble with most photography—just witness ninety per cent of the prints in innumerable salons—work done by those who if they had no camera would be third rate, or worse, painters. No photographer can equal emotionally nor aesthetically the work of a fine painter, *both having the same end in view*—that is, the painter's viewpoint. Nor can the painter begin to equal the photographer *in his particular field.*

The camera then, used as a means of expression, must have inherent qualities either different or greater than those of any other medium, otherwise, it has no value at all, except for commerce, science, or as a week end hobby for weary business men—which would be fine if they did not expose their results to the public as art!

William Blake wrote: "Man is led to believe a lie, when he sees with, not through the eye." And the camera—the lens—can do that very thing—enable one to see through the eye, augmenting th eeye, seeing more than the eye sees, exaggerating details, recording surfaces, textures that the human hand could not render with the most skill and labor. Indeed what painter would want to—his work would become niggling, petty, tight! But in a photograph this way of seeing is legitimate, logical.

So the camera for me it best in close up, taking advantage of this lens power: recording with its one searching eye the very quintessence of the thing itself rather than o mood of that thing—for instance the object transformed for the moment by charming, unusual, even theatrical, but always transitory light effects. Instead the physical quality of things can be rendered with utmost exactness: stone is hard, bark is rough, flesh is alive, or they can be made harder, rougher or more alive if desired. In a word let us have photographic beauty! Is it art—can it be? Who knows or cares! It is a vital new way of seeing, it belongs to our day and age, its possibilities have only been touched upon. So why bother about art—a word so abused it is almost obsolete. But for the sake of discussion, the difference between god and bad art lies in the minds that created, rather than in skill of hands: a fine technician may be a very bad artist, but a fine artist usually makes himself a fine technician to better express his thought. The camera not only sees differently with each worker using it, but sees differently than the eyes see: focal lengths.

I cannot help feeling—and others have too—that certain great painters of the past actually had photographic eyes—born in this age they might well have used the camera. For instance Valazquez. Diego Rivera wrote of him: "The talent of Valazquez manifesting itself in coincidence with the image of the physical world, his genius would have led him to select the technique most adequate for the purpose: that is to say, photography."

Photography has or will eventually negate painting—for which the painter should be deeply grateful: relieving him as it were, from certain public demands, representation, objective seeing. Rivera, I overheard in a heated discussion once at an exhibit of photographs in Mexico, "I would rather have one of these photographs than any realistic painting: such work makes realistic painting superfluous."

For those who may have been interested enough to follow me so far, I will explain my way of working. With over twenty years of experience, I never try to plan in advance. Though I may from experience know about what I can do with a certain subject, my own eyes are no more than scouts on a preliminary search, for the camera's eye may entirely chnge my original idea, even switch me to different subject matter. So I start out with my mind as free from an image as the silver film on which I am to record and I hope as sensitive. Then indeed putting one's head under the focussing cloth is a thrill, just as exciting to me today as it was when I started as a boy. To pivot the camera slowly around watching the image change on the ground glass is a revelation, one becomes a discoverer, seeing a new world through the lens. And finally the complete idea is there, and completely revealed. *One must feel definitely, fully, before exposure.* My finished prints there on the ground glass, with all its values, in exact proportions. The final result in my work is fixed forever with the shutter's release. Finishing, developing and printing is no more than a careful carrying on of the image seen on the ground glass. No after consideration such as enlarging portions, nor changing values—and of course no retouching—can make up for a negative exposed without a complete realization at the time of the exposure. Photography is too honest a medium, direct and uncompromising to allow of subterfuge.

"OVER THE FAIRY LINE"

Very soon now, the woods above Carmel will be fairly alive with magic of all sorts—fairy folk, elves, gnomes, goblins and even frogs for the toadstools! Every person with a youthful spirit will turn out to witness the revels of these fairies at the Forest Theater on the eighteenth and nineteenth of July.

The play, "Over the Fairy Line" tells of a small girl who, in her dreams, crossed the Fairy line and beholds the wealth of magic in fairy land. It was written by Blanche Tolmie who is now helping the tiny ones learn their lines of make believe—and such charming words they speak! As all fairies should, these are dancing with grace and abandon to be seen only in fairy land. And the music we hear tinkling through the forest of pines is not that of bells, but the songs of our fairies!

Think of it! A play written by Blanche Tolmie for those in whom she finds delight—the children of Carmel; music composed by Frances Montgomery; dancing produced by the Woodword School of Dancing; all for a group of perfectly delightful lot of kiddies! Could anything be more appropriate for the Forest Theater Stage? What could be closer to our hearts—and what could more truly typify the spirit of Carmel?

—A. M. B.

Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

(Continued from last week.)

When I heard that I was going to get fifty dollars all at once, it really made me a bit dizzy. The thought of eating a real meal was intoxicating. I sat down. I had to or I would have staggered all over the place.

After signing the contract, I asked Rognan to go downstairs to identify me at the bank. He did, and I had the fifty in cash. Oh! money is a great thing to have when you're hungry. You don't appreciate its wonderful worth till you are a day or two away from food and haven't the price. You know—like eating yesterday's breakfast for tomorrow's dinner.

Morris was waiting for me—hoping but fearful. He heard me in the hallway, "Come on, Bob, I've got it." The landlady came out—a good soul who didn't have the heart to turn us out for unpaid rent, a dollar and a half for each of us. I shoved a "ten-spot" into Mrs. Bamberger's hand and her two actor-lodgers tore madly out to Manca Bros.' cafe—to eat, my lords and ladies, to eat. No Barmecidean feast today; the dishes would be heaping, overflowing. Manca's restaurant was noted through the intermountain region for its noble cuisine, and there, with Louis Manca looking on, with wondering eyes, we had brandy, oysters, ham and eggs for me, porterhouse for Bob, helped on with oodles of coffee—cigars for both and out we strolled to look the town over with a new set of eyes.

Nice wide streets and pleasurably clean, substantial looking business buildings. No one seems in a hurry here—bright cheery faces, too. So that's the Tabernacle and Endowment House, well, well; a remarkable people these Mormons; to build everything including the Temple out of material found in Utah is quite astonishing. I must find out more about the Mormons before I leave the state. And that's Ensign Peak, at the head of Main street, where the first American flag was raised in Utah. Quite interesting, quite. I think I will postpone my New York trip till I have investigated these people further—they seem to be intelligent and charming; somewhat different from what I had been led to believe from the stories about them delivered by press and pulpit; yes, quite, somewhat.

It's two o'clock—I think we broke our fast at eleven of the clock. What say you to another wee bite?

"Good afternoon, Louis You seem alarmed that our stomachs like

'Our hearts in glad surprise to higher levels rise.'

Fear not, Sir Boniface, but serve Master Bob the ham and eggs this time and I will review the steak."

The next day I started working upon the first section of my job: the casting of the two plays. The first was W. S. Gilbert's delightful comedy, "Pygmalion and Galatea"; the other was a pill. I first had to take a poem and put it into playing shape, and retain the poetry for speaking lines.

Now I think I will give a laugh to all of you who know me personally and to those who know me from my stage work. In character I haven't changed much since I became old enough to vote, and the parts that I always liked and played best were the men who were at least ninety per cent male, whether detectives or priests, soldiers or lawyers. But this sweet-scented son of a Greek ribbon-clerk that I was to play was Pheon, the one lover of the Lesbian poetess Sappho. Can you picture me the only fair-haired boy that played around with the flock of eccentric girls that Sappho had selected to create a fountain from which poetry would flow to quench the thirst of a parched world. The poem was "Sappho and Pheon," written by somebody (may God forgive her); it was a terrible thing—but the committee had its ideas. Luckily one of the ideas was "Pygmalion"; it was a joy to play in any Gilbert play. In it I had a semi-professional cast, including the only teacher of elocution who could act, a Miss Ruth Eldridge. (Last year I saw her give a splendid performance in Nance O'Neil's production of "House of Women" in Los Angeles.) The other ladies were excellent amateurs; two of the men were professionals.

"Pygmalion" was a success.

I was the only man in "Sappho"; it was a "frost."

The important thing about the whole affair was—I got a total of two hundred and fifty dollars out of it. I earned it, believe me, with the dramatizing, the directing, and the playing.

WILSON PLAY AT PASADENA

"Merton of the Movies," comedy by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly from Harry Leon Wilson's story, will be given at Pasadena Community Playhouse on July seventeenth to twenty-sixth, with no Sunday performance.

Franklin Provo, a sixteen-year-old actor discovered by Gilmor Brown, will take title role.

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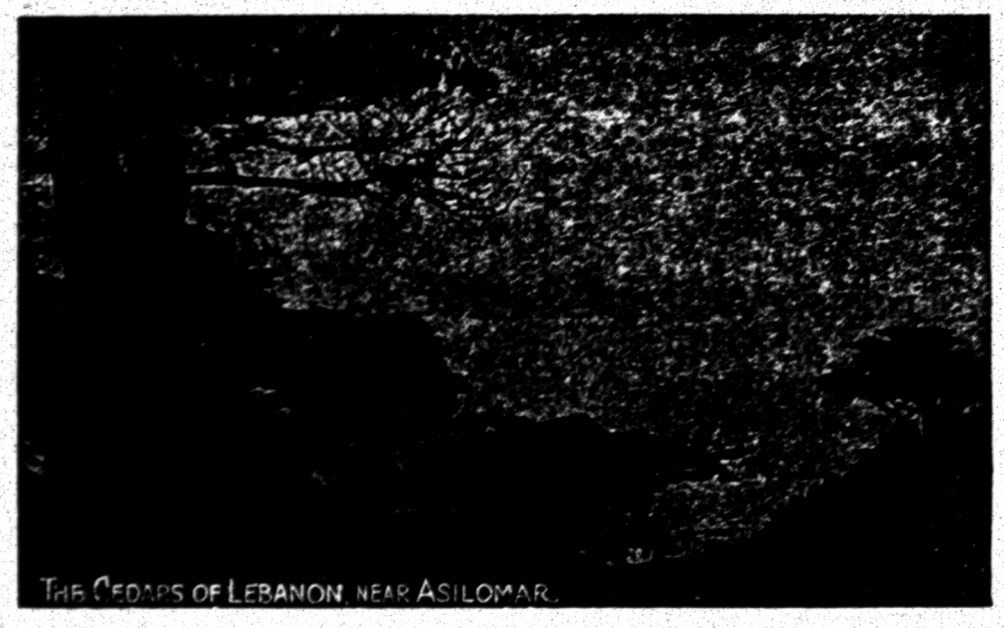


The Cedars of Lebanon, near Asilomar.

Asilomar Notes

By Gail I. Andrews

SUMMER SCHOOL

The National School of the Y. W. C. A. is holding its sixth summer school on the Pacific coast at Asilomar conference and vacation grounds. The National School sessions began on June twentieth and will continue until August first.

Miss Amanda Nelson is in executive charge of the summer school and has secured a large number of competent leaders to help in the development of the program. The school is conducted with an aim toward providing under ideal conditions, opportunity for study that will aid in training young women who are college graduates in the functions and methods of the Y. W. C. A. with a particular view to their becoming Girl Reserve secretaries.. They are given specific training and ample opportunity for discussion among themselves and an exchange of ideas with National Board staff members and experts in sociology, psychology and education.

Students of the National School were given an opportunity for laboratory practice among the Girl Reserves during their convention.

Asilomar, ideally named ("Retreat of the Sea") has proved a most appropriate location for a study place, because of the excellent opportunities for nature study and because of its quiet atmosphere inductive to study.

The National School of the Y. W. C. A. also maintains like schools in New York City, at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, at Fletcher Farm in Proctersville, Vermont, and at Camp Maqua, in Maine.

The Asilomar Summer School is particularly fortunate in having the "Circle of Enchantment" as a nearby field in which to work. The students have already taken all-day trips to Carmel, and Monterey and have driven along the Seventeen Mile Drive. These trips are very popular with the entire group, but particularly so with those who are from other states.

In addition to Miss Nelson, the faculty includes Mrs. Evelyn Fox, associate executive, and Dr. Howard Thurman, in charge of religious instruction.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE GIRL RESERVE CONFERENCE

Although the Girl Reserve Conference was disbanded three days ahead of schedule, due to a mild case of poliomylitis among the conferees, and the girls did not have an opportunity to culminate their Guild Theme, they did succeed in making quite a few lovely bits of craftwork. They were instructed by Miss Sara Haycraft of Berkeley and made batik scarfs, woven hand-bags, silver bracelets, and raffia articles. Some of the girls also made puppets. They were taught by Miss Helen Grant of Oakland. The good sportsmanship of the Girl Reserves won out over the desire to continue their most enjoyable conference when a meeting was held at which leaders and girls decided that to insure protection against the possible spread of the disease, the fairest course was to dismiss the conferenece.

MISSIONARY EDUCATION

Religious leaders and missionaries from all parts of the world are taking active part in the Missionary Education Movement, now in conference at Asilomar. The program has for its theme, India and the Caribbeans. Classes begin with the chapel service at eight-thirty each morning and end at eleven-fifteen. During the afternoon and evening the program is devoted to recreation and optional programs and forums.

Many people from the peninsula and from nearby counties are attending the conference. Anyone interested in being present at the remaining sessions should get into touch with the registrar at Asilomar.

The Garden

Conducted by Dorothy Q. Bassett and Anne Nash, of the Garden Shop

THREE SPECIALTIES

Every year one is tempted by the "Specialties," alluringly described on the first pages of various seed catalogs, but often in trying them out, one is sadly disappointed by the results, which bear no resemblance to their glowing eulogies. This season, however, we were well pleased with three of our experiments.

One was the Ramona Poppy, a hybrid *Eschscholtzia*, seed of which we got from the East. We discovered later that it was the same one that Hallawell and other seedsmen list as *Geisha*. It is truly beautiful and lives up to its high reputation. The petals are fluted, giving it a semi-double effect in the bud and a charming depth of texture when wide open. The outside of the petals is brilliant red orange with a satin sheen and the inside is pure chrome yellow, creating quite a color vibration. It is lovely used as a cut flower and lasts for several days if cut when in bud.

We also tried the new Anchusa, an annual, called Bluebird. In our opinion, it is far superior to the perennial Dropmore variety, which, though beautiful in color, is so difficult to use in a garden on account of its awkward, straggling growth. The Bluebird is of compact form and keeps its shape nicely, grows about two feet high and sends out numerous side branches, so it remains in bloom for a long time. The blossom is much smaller than that of the perennial, and is darker in color, being a very rich, deep blue, with a velvety texture. It can also be used as a cut flower, but perhaps would be of more value in the hardy border where that blue note is so often needed and is so difficult to get.

The perennial asters, listed at such length by the English seedsmen, have always intrigued us, and after trying numerous packets of various kinds, we were finally successful in raising some plants of the Aster Farreri. The catalog description was most fascinating, "narrow rays of richest violet, hanging loosely from a center disk of purest vermilion orange," etc. Ours finally bloomed and although it hardly lives up to its description, it is really extremely interesting looking, sort of moderne in appearance, the bloom about two inches in diameter, the rays very slender and blue violet, but the disk yellow orange instead of red orange. I neglected to say that this aster is entirely different in form from the Michaelmas Daisy type. The Aster Farreri is of the Amellus type. A small tuft of foliage forms its base, from which arises the slender flower stalk, about eighteen inches in height. So far there has only been one stalk and one bloom to a plant, but as this is the first year, one cannot say definitely that it is always that way.

LIBRARY NOTES

By The Librarian

Through the kindness of three of our citizens a rock garden has been started beneath the large window in the children's room. Already it makes a charming vista, although the plants contributed by Mrs. Walter Schuyler have had scarcely time to tuck their roots in the earth.

Mr. Harry Rogers of the Fixit Shop donated the stone, while Mr. John Black, Miss McChesney's assistant, is responsible for its artistic arrangement.

NEW BOOKS:

Fiction:

Bradford—Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun.
Bradford—Ol' King David an' the Philistine boys.
Cottrell—Tharlane.
Gibbs—Chances.
Gibbs—Keyserling.
Gibbs—The Man of God.
Knevels—Molly Moonshine.
Lucas—Windfall's Eve.
Pedler—Fire of Youth.
Richmond—High Fences.
Tomlinson, Ed.—Great Sea Stories of all Nations.
Wells—The Autocracy of Mr. Parham.
Wodehouse—Very Good, Jeeves.
Wallace—The Green Ribbon.
MacGrath—Blue Rajah Murder.

Non-fiction:

Andrews—Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas.
Bridges—The Testament of Beauty.
Dewey—The Quest for Certainty.
Ellsberg—Thirty Fathoms Deep.
Geerlings—Wrought Iron in Architecture.
Herrick—The Thinking Machine.
Hoetzsche—Germany's Domestic and Foreign Policies.
Martin—Liberty.
Martin—Salvaging Old Age.
Masterman, Ed.—Mary Gladstone: Her Diaries and Letters.
One-act Plays for Stage and Study, 5th Series. 1929.
Salaman—The New Woodcut.
Schultz—My Life as an Indian.
Schultz—The Sun God's Children.
Smyth—Concerning Irascible Strong.
Ticknor—The Book of Famous Horses.
Tradition and Experiment in Present-day Literature.
Vaucaire—Bolivar the Liberator.
Woolf—The Common Reader.
Tucker—Special Assessments in California. (This with the Tax Digest should make good reading for this time of year.)
Wilson, H. W.—Standard Catalog for Public Libraries: History and Travel section; Fine Arts Section.
Wilson, H. W.—Index to Plays.
Wilson, H. W.—Index to Fairy Tales.
Wilson, H. W.—Children's short Story Index for Special Holidays.
Wilson, H. W.—Index to Contemporary biography and criticism.
Pens for Ploughshares: A biography ofCreative Literature that Encourages World Peace.

Over one hundred new children's books have been put on the shelves during the month.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

FOR CONGRESS

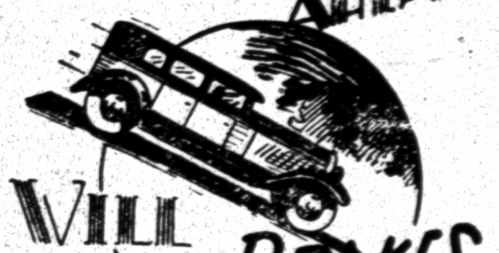
EMMET C. RITTENHOUSE

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

8th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Primary election August. 26

DANGER AHEAD!



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THE CARMELITE JUNIOR,
JULY 10
NUMBER 19

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR IS THE SPRING-OFF OF THE REGULAR CARMELITE

JO SCHOENINGER Editor
NORMAN BAYLEY Associate Editor

OUR VIEWS

FIRE-WORKS AT THE BEACH

Even though the council did pass a law stating that fire-works could not be sold, the desplay at the beach was as coulorful as ever. On the Fourth every body went down to the beach and watched the children shoot off their fire crackers. There were sky-rochets, pin-wheels, and all the other things that make it a coulorful spectacal. Just as you were watching a flare-light there was a terrible hissing noise and a flare of light went shooting up to the heavens and then came down and broke above the water in a final burst of stars, all coulors. Then there are the kind of sky-rochets that go way up and shoot out stars on cloth parashutes, and all the children run and catch them as they land on the beach. It was as neat as a fire works display could be.

† † †

TIN-CAN TOURISTS

It is a shame that the people that visit Carmel should leave it in such a condition as it was left on the Fourth of July. Instead of nice clean sands, there are tents, bottles, tin-cans, etc. Down at the river as well a sat the ocean front. I think that the council should pass an ordinance against camping on the beaches aorwnd Carmel and leaving any rubbish, because it certainly does not help the simplicity of our village.

† † †

FOR SALE

The Editor has for sale a pretty neat radio. I bought it for fifty-five dollars and will sell it for half price—twenty-five dollars. It has both the loud-speaker and ear-phones (for listening in bed) arrangements. It will reach Seattle, Salt Lake City, Portland and points east. See the editor about it.

The Editors.

† † †

SCOUTS

Last week there was no Scout meeting because most of the scouts are at camp and the rest were thinking to much about the fourth of July. The only thing they have to remember is that July 19, the boy scouts are going on a hike, which I am sure they will enjoy very much. We think we will go to Los Lourelas where we had the camp last time.

N. B.

† † †

THE THRIP'NY OPERA

By one who has seen The Thrip'ny Opera and the God of Gods. I am writing this as a comparison between the two shows that were played this week. I thought that The Thrip'ny Opera was best. It had more action and drama in it, while the God of Gods was quite flat untill the end where she was about to unveil the man that she loved. People that critisize the Thrip'ny opera should have seen the God of Gods and compare them as I do here. The thrip'ny opera started with the Prologue which was very dramatic. It ended in the style of Grand Opera wich was most amusing. The songs are all very stirring and quite unusual. In one scene the cripples are marching out and a girl plays the drum. It gets lowder and lowder and is quite spooky and stirring.

The God of Gods is not quite as indian as it might be and the real good part in it is when "Snap" Nelson does a war dance. On the program is printed "Before the coming of white man" and yet they were forever talking of cows, which were brought over by the white man. The Thrip'ny opera was more dramatic and all together I think it was the better production.

The cut on this page came from Longmans, Green & Co. It is an illustration of the book—"The Red Prior's Legacy" By Alfred Hoyt Bill.

THE GLORY OF THE LAND

Hundreds and hundreds of miles to go,
And alas they could not row.
The water was gone,
The biscuits few.
And but one *brave* man in all the crew.
A cloudy sky and lighting struck,
And the huge waves made the little boat buck.
When look the dawn is growing nie,
And soon the sun will be on high.
There was always hope in that one soul,
As the swells made the little boat roll.
One man overcome by thirst,
Died but not for the worst.
The suffering was more than a man could stand,
They curstd the hour that the ship was rammed.
Another died and four were left,
Two were now at rest.
Night came and all went to sleep,
One was aroused something had fallen on his cheek.
Another and again, and again,
What was it? It must be rain.
The others he woke to tell the news,
BUT alas only one of them spoke
He who had faith and had prayed,
Was not like the others who in their death bed layed
He got up and looked around,
And there beneath him behold was ground.
One man was *brave* to the last.

N. B.

continuing THE
CARMELITE JUNIOR

STARTING A BUSINESS

By Jo Schoeninger

(*Continued from last week.*)

Charlie was just going to jump out of bed at the man, but the stranger slipped out. "I wonder who that was?" thought Charlie. He went out in the hall but saw no one. So Charlie went back to bed and thought about it. He wondered if that was the same man who had threatened him.

Next morning he went out on deck and saw all his equipment getting landed on the wharf. After it was all unloaded, they began to put it in the waiting trains. Charlie took this all in with eager eyes and was soon getting in the baggage car with his supplies. At one o'clock the train pulled out and Charlie was riding towards the location for his new shop.

He rode all day and took in everything that whizzed by him. At night he arrived at the place that ended the railroad. It was a fairly large town and so he slept at one of the hotels for the night.

At dawn the next day he woke and saw the manager of a company that handled donkeyes. Charlie made arrangements with him and was soon helping the men load the beasts with the material. At one o'clock the load was all packed and ready to go. There were twenty donkeyes and Charlie mounted one of them.

Then thew were off. At evening that day they arrived at his location. How Charlie felt. He was so excited that he forgot everything but the place before him. It was just what he wanted and he was very thrilled.

Then he noticed the small village around him. It was a few huts and one other building. A man stepped out of it and greeted Charlie. He said that he was a misionary and that he was living there to help the ignorant people there. Charlie thought that he would have some one to talk with in the evenings now. The man said, "My name is Mr. Priestly and I am glad that you have come. It is quite lonely here and besides. The natives will have decent clothes and the things that have always needed. There is another shop not far from here but there prices are so high that the natives can't afford it."

Charlie was unloading the donkeyes with other men while he was talking and now Mr. Priestly helped also. At night the train of animals returned to their stalls in the town and Charlie slept over night with the missionary. In the morning Charlie woke with Mr. Priestly and they both began to sort the things out. Then they began building. At sun-down they had the foundation and were started on the sides. They were planning to have the store on the front side and the house in the rear so they were attached to each other.

So Charlie again went to bed with the mssionary and woke up in the morning with a good idea in his head about this certain Mr. Priestly.

(*Continued next Week.*)

† † †

THE GOD OF GODS

This show would have interested anyone, it was all indians, and was very good.

The plot was showing up the fakeness of the stone God they worshiped, the meat that was supposed to have been fed it was eaten by the preistes and the chiefs son, also they drank the wine that the God was supposed to have drank.

The first one that finds out was Yellow Snake but no one would believe him, meaning the girl. The mother of the girl gave the preitess five cows if she would chose her daughter for the new priestess, but Yellow Snake asked her hand that night and she consented, but in the mean time the chiefs son paid the priestess to choose the girl as the new priestess because he could go into the gates and Yellow Snake could not, so just as she consented the prestess called her and told her she was the choosen one to be the new priestess. Then the ceremony took place and she was made priestess, the chief told his son to go get Yellow Snake he came back and said he hed done it. His father asked him how he had done it and he found out that he had shot him in the back which the father did not like. She had to proform the ceremony of cutting off Yellow Snake's hair and burning it in the sacred fire and then the men threw him in the pond then she showed the fakeness of the stone idol they worshiped. She threw the sacred fire in the pond, (the fire was not supposed to go out) and it ended up that she jumped in to the pond too. The good part of it was in the middle of it they had some hot coffee that was sure good to a cold stomace. There were big lights that served as curtains, and a out door heating system like little stoves which kept everybody warm. The indian dances were very good also (singing and the beating of the tom-tom).

Taking everything in it was a very good show.

N. B.

THE TANGLED-COATED HORSE

By Ella Young

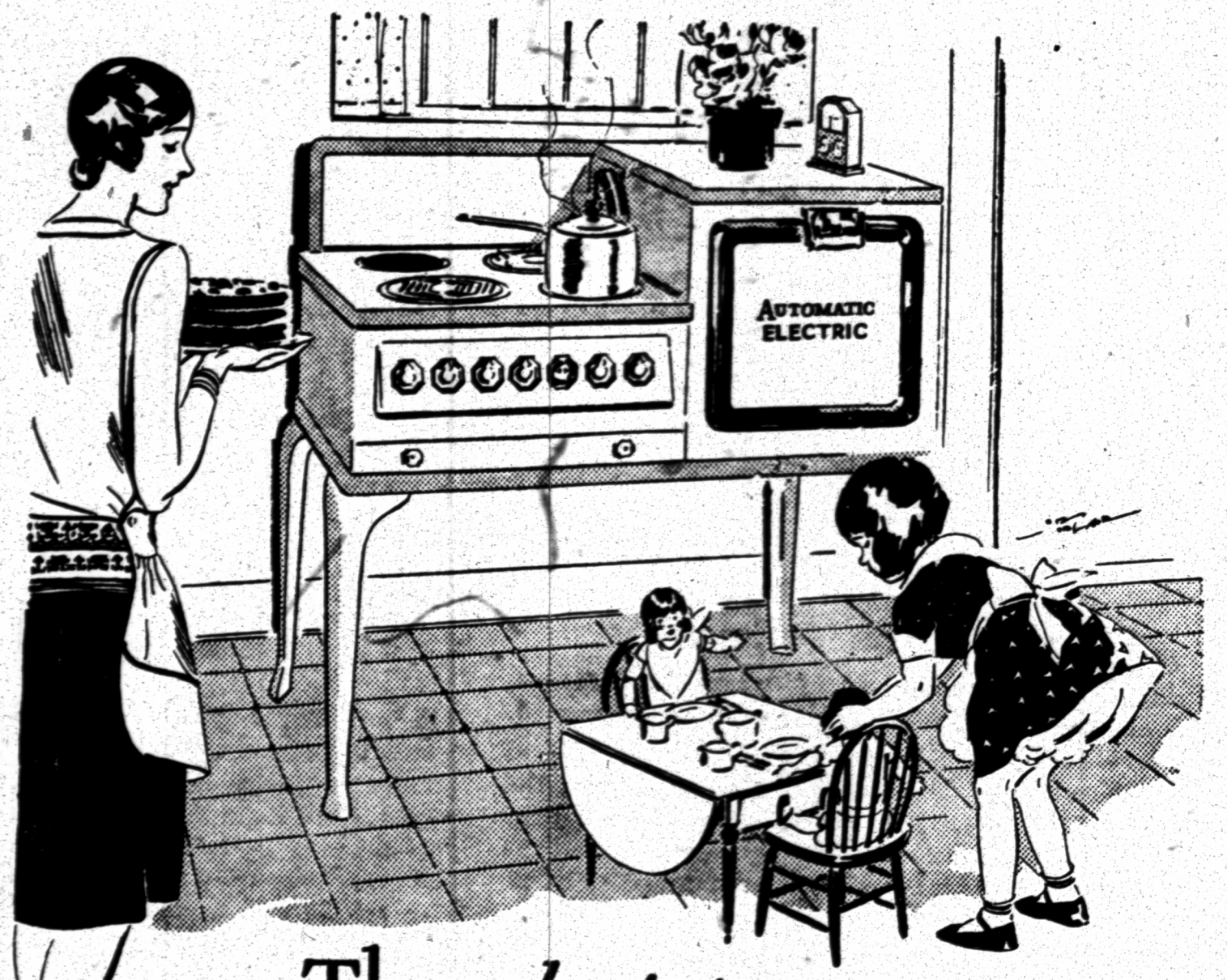
Published by Longmans Green & Co.

The Tangled-Coated Horse is one of the fourteen stories in the book. These stories are very interesting to most anybody. They are fairy tales and have a few poems. The plot of the story is this young man, who claims he can look at a group of horses and tell which is the best. The whole thing is about one horse, I am sure you will like this book and if you do you can get it at the Carmel Public Library. The cut above is taken from this story. It is of the Tangle Coated Horse himself. The illustrations are in black and white and are of a very distinguished class. Ella Young, who is the author, has written "The Celtric Wonder Tales," "The Wonder-Smith and his Son." They are all in a certain class by themselves and are all fairy tales.

PROGRESS OF CIVILATION

It is funny how we laugh at old out of date cars. They look pucular, but we admire the newest kind of car out like the Cord, we think that the Cord car will never grow old but just you see ten years from now it will be just like the cars that look so old. Who knows the old cars we see may have been just like the Cord is to us. There are many defferent ways of Progressing civilation, some times civilation comes where it is not wanted like in Carmel, the new buildings now have evelators in the middle of the sidewalk and such things as that, but I guess it can't be helped, so there are many ways of progressing civilation.

N. B.



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